

*The History of*

drinke, to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

*Enter Gads-Hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morow *Carriers*. What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay by God, soft; I know a tricke worth two of that faith.

*Gad.* I prethee lend mee thine.

2. *Car.* I, when? canst tell? Lend mee thy Lanterne (quoth he.) Marry Ile see thee hanged first.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time do you meane to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee; Comenighbor *Mages*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Exeunt.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*?

*Cham.* At hand, quoth Picke-purse.

*Gad.* That's euens as faire, as at hand, quod the *Chamber-lain*, for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight, there's a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarke*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I prethee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshippst Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falshood may.

*Gad.* What talkest thou to mee of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallows: for if I hang, old sir *John* hangs with me, and thou knowst hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

*Henry the Fourth.*

other *Troians* that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their credit sake make all whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hiewd malt-worms, but with nebility and tranquillity, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speake, and speake sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner then pray; and yet (*Zounds*) I lie, for they pray continually to their saint the common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their booties.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their Booties? will she hold out Water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cockesure; wee haue the receipt of *Fernesced*, wee walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to *Fernesced*, for your waiking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the *Ostler* bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell, ye muddy knaue.

*Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poynes.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued *Falstaffes* Horse, and he frers like a gum'd veluet.

*Prince.* Stand close.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* *Poynes*, *Poynes*, and bee hangd, *Poynes*.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat kidneyd rascall, what a brawling doest thou keepe?

*Fals.* What *Poynes*? *Hall*?

*Prince.* He is walkt vp to the top of the Hill, Ile go seek him.

*Fals.* I am accurst to rob in that theeu's company, the rascall hath remoued my horse, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauell but 4 foot by the squire further afoot, I shall breake my wind: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworn his company houely any time this 22. yeer, and yet I am be-